FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NOV.-DEC.
1950
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
ELDSTEIN

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- TALES FROM THE CRYPT
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- THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- THE VAULT OF HORROR
- WEIRD SCIENCE
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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

SOON, ROGER FOUND HIMSELF ON A DESERTED STREET! THE PEOPLE HAD ALL DISAPPEARED... HIDDEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND DRAWN BLINDS...
IT MUST BE SOMETHING HORRIBLE THEY FEAR! I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO TAKE COVER, TOO? OH, OH! TOO LATE! HERE HE COMES!
A STOOPED FIGURE SHUFFLED AROUND A CORNER AND UP THE EMPTY STREET! AS HE DREW NEAR, ROGER NOTICED THAT HE WAS A HUNCHBACK
GOLGO! MY OLD FRIEND, PETER GOLGO!
HUH?
PETER! YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME? I'M ROGER... YOUR OLD COLLEGE CHUM! BUT HOW BAD YOU LOOK, PETER!
GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHA.. WHY PETER! IT IS I, ROGER! DON'T YOU.. REMEMBER?
PETER GOLGO SHUFFLED ON UP THE STREET AND DISAPPEARED INTO A DARK ALLEY! ROGER COMPTON STOOD WATCHING! AMAZED!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE DID NOT KNOW ME! WHY, WE WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS! BUT NOW, HOW STRANGE HE LOOKS AND ACTS.
CAUTIOUSLY, THE TOWNSFOLK THAT HAD BARRICADED THEMSELVES EMERGED FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...
YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU?
WHY, YES! I..
YOU TALKED TO HIM—
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! HE'S BAD.. A FIEND!
PETER? A FIEND? NONSENSE! WE WERE FRIENDS AT COLLEGE!
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO!
BEFORE HE BECAME WHAT HE IS TODAY.. A GHOUL!
2

BUT...A GHOUL FEEDS UPON DEAD FLESH!
YES! AND I SAW HIM..
"IT WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! I WAS RETURNING FROM A GRANGE MEETING! I WAS TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY WHEN..."
A LANTERN! SOMEONE DIGGING..
"I EDGED CLOSER! AND THEN I SAW WHO IT WAS."
PETER GOLGO! THE HUNCHBACK! ROBBING A GRAVE...
FROM MY HIDING PLACE, I COULD NOT SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING TO THE CORPSE HE HAD DUG DOWN TO..BUT WHEN PETER HAD LEFT, I APPROACHED THE DESECRATED GRAVE..."
GOOD LORD! THE CORPSE... IS PARTIALLY DEVOURED! HE...HE'S A GHOUL!
ROGER COMPTON LISTENED, HORRIFIED, TO THE OLD MAN'S TALE! WHEN HE HAD FINISHED..
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! PETER WAS NORMAL AT SCHOOL.. EVEN BRILLIANT!
BUT YOU'VE SEEN HIM! DOES HE BEHAVE NORMALLY NOW? DOES HE?
I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM AGAIN! TALK TO HIM! GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! WHERE DOES HE LIVE?
IN THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL! BUT WE WARN YOU..KEEP AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S EVIL!
ROGER TURNED TO GO, BUT ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM..
MY LITTLE GIRL DIED OF PNEUMONIA LAST WEEK! TWO NIGHTS AGO HER GRAVE WAS BROKEN OPEN AND HER LITTLE BODY STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH!
THE TWELFTH GRAVE IN TWO YEARS! TWELVE GRAVES..DESECRATED! THEIR CORPSES DEVOURED! THE MAN IS INHUMAN!
3

ROGER BROKE AWAY FROM THE WIDE-EYED TOWNSPEOPLE..AND THEIR HORRIBLE TALES...AND MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL TO THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE THAT WAS PETER GOLGO'S HOME...
HOW RUN-DOWN AND WEATHERBEATEN IT IS!
HE STEPPED UP TO THE BATTERED DOORWAY AND KNOCKED! THE BLOWS UPON THE DOOR BOOMED THROUGH THE DRAFTY HALLS OF THE OLD PLACE! THEN THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT IS I, PETER! ROGER COMPTON!
PETER GOLGO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HIS THIN, STOOPED BODY HUNCHED AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE... HIS HANDS CLENCHED AT HIS SIDES! HIS FACE WAS A WAXEN MASK OF DEATH FROM WHICH TWO EYES GLARED WITH GHOULISH LIGHT...
GO AWAY!
BUT I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU, PETER!
A SMILE SPREAD ACROSS PETER'S TWISTED LEERING FACE...A SMILE OF SLY, LURKING EVIL! HIS THICK LIPS CURLED BACK IN A FANGED GRIMACE OF IDIOTIC MIRTH..
HELP ME? HAH! I AM BEYOND HELP!
BUT, PETER! I...
THE DOOR SLAMMED IN ROGER COMPTON'S ASTOUNDED FACE, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE..
POOR PETER! HE IS SICK! PERHAPS A NERVOUS DISORDER! PERHAPS HIS HUMP HAS DEVELOPED INTO A CANCEROUS TUMOR. IT DOES APPEAR LARGER! I MUST GET HIM A DOCTOR!
ROGER MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL AND ACROSS THE STREET TO A SIGN MARKED "HENRY GORDON, M.D." HE KNOCKED UPON THE CLEAN, WHITE, NEWLY-PAINTED DOOR..
YES?
I AM ROGER COMPTON! I AM A FRIEND OF PETER GOLGO, THE HUNCHBACK! YOU MUST COME AND SEE HIM! HE IS SICK... VERY SICK
HENRY GORDON M.D.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT PETER GOLGO! I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE WORLD!
THEN YOU'LL COME! YOU'LL HELP..
4

NO! I WILL NOT COME! I CANNOT HELP HIM!
YOU...YOU CALL YOURSELF A DOCTOR? WHY... YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM... NARROW-MINDED... BIGOTED...SUPERSTITIOUS!
WHAT THEY BELIEVE, MR GOMPTON, IS TRUE!
YOU MEAN, PETER GOLGO IS A GHOUL!
NOT NE... EXAGTLY! BUT IT IS A LONG STORY! SIT DOWN AND I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!
I AM QUITE COMFORTABLE STANDING, SIR! PROCEED!
FOR THE MOST PART, I FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO PETER GOLGO! IT IS NOT HIS FAULT! BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF...
"WHEN HE WAS A CHILD, THE OTHER CHILDREN MADE FUN OF HIM... THREW STONES AT HIM BECAUSE OF HIS HUNCHED BACK..."
NYAAAN! G'WAN HOME, GIMPY!
YOUR MOTHER'S GALLIN' YUH, HUMPY!
HUMP BACK! HUMP BACK! NYAAAH!
BUT PETER GOLGO HAD NO ORDINARY HUMP ON HIS BACK, MR. GOMPTON! AND TODAY, WHAT HE CARRIES ABOUT ON HIS SHOULDERS IS THE CAUSE OF ALL HIS HORRIBLE ACTIONS... THE GRAVE-DIGGING... EVERYTHING!
WHAT... WHAT IS IT... THIS HUMP?
IT IS A MONSTER! A HORRIBLE LITTLE MONSTER THAT TORMENTS PETER GOLGO.. CREATES UNBEARABLE PAIN... TORTURES PETER INTO DOING ITS BIDDING! PETER IS NOT THE GHOUL! THE MONSTER IS THE FLESH-EATER!
BUT, HOW DID IT GET THERE!
5

PETER WAS BORN WITH IT! IT WAS AN UNDEVELOPED SIAMESE TWIN THAT WAS ATTATCHED TO HIS BACK! ONLY IT NEVER DEVELOPED! YES, IT WAS ALIVE... BUT DORMANT! AND THEN... THREE YEARS AGO... THE CHANGE CAME!
IT BEGAN TO GROW, DOCTOR?
YES! HE CAME TO ME! IT LAY FACE DOWNWARD ON HIS BACK... ITS HANDS CLASPED ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS! IT HAD ITS OWN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, ITS OWN LUNGS... BUT ITS LEGS RAN OFF INTO THE LUMPY FLESH OF HIS BODY!
I NEVER KNEW! IN ALL THOSE YEARS AT COLLEGE...
WHEN HE CAME TO ME, ITS EYES WERE OPEN! IT HAD DEVELOPED A TINY SET OF TEETH! IT WAS UGLY... UGLY!
I COULD NOT REMOVE IT! I COULD NOT KILL IT! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT PETER'S LIFE AS WELL! AND SO I TOLD HIM IT WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN THERE... FOR ALL OF HIS DAYS!
BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE A THING OF EVIL! IT DEMANDED FLESH... DEAD FLESH... FOR FOOD! IT WAS A GHOUL! AND PETER WAS FORCED TO OBEY! IT WAS CAPABLE OF INFLICTING EXCRUCIATING PAIN UPON HIM...
BUT YOU MUST DO SOMETHING NOW, DOCTOR! YOU MUST SAVE HIM!
I CAN DO NOTHING... NOTHING!
COMPTON WALKED OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE... TEARS IN HIS EYES! THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING... SOME WAY OF HELPING POOR PETER... OF FREEING HIM FROM THE MONSTER THAT CONTROLLED HIM...
I'LL GO BACK! I'LL TELL HIM THAT I KNOW... EVERYTHING, NOW!
6

COMPTON MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL AGAIN... TO THE OLD HOUSE! AS HE APPROACHED, HE HEARD VOICES... ARGUING...

ONE OF THEM IS PETER! I RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! THE OTHER ..IS HIGHER.. MORE FRENZIED..

IT MUST BE THE *MONSTER!* THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT SOMETHING...

ROGER COMPTON CROUCHED DOWN BELOW THE SHADED WINDOW... LISTENING...

NO! NEVER! I'LL *NEVER* DO IT! *NEVER...* *AAAAAAAAAAGH!*

IT WAS PETER SCREAMING IN PAIN! THE MONSTER WAS TORTURING HIM... FORCING HIM TO DO SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO...

NO! I WON'T! ROBBING GRAVES WAS *BAD ENOUGH!* WATCHING YOU EAT THE ROTTED FLESH... BUT *NOW! KILL* FOR YOU? FOR *FRESH FLESH?* *NEVER... NEVER!*

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO LISTEN TO THEM! PETER CONTINUED TO REFUSE...AND THEN...

E-E-Y-A-A-A-H!

AFTER THE SCREAM... SILENCE! ROGER COMPTON RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM SICK! THE *THING* WAS THERE... EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR HAD DESCRIBED IT...

YES! HEE,HEE! IT *WAS* THERE! THE LITTLE MONSTER, IN A FIT OF OF RAGE, HAD CLIMBED A TRIFLE HIGHER ON PETER GOLGO'S SACK AND *BITTEN HIM TO DEATH!* SILLY LITTLE GHOUL... IT DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD KILL *ITSELF,* TOO! YOU SEE, *THESE* TWINS HAD ONLY *ONE HEART...* THE ONE IN *PETER'S* BODY! WELL, READ ON FRIENDS! THERE ARE MORE CHILLS WAITING... IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!

He released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom . . . and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it . . . his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson . . . and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft . . . and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one . . . and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!

The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife's face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too . . . he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire . . . and *he* would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife's life . . . and on the plane which he was about to destroy . . would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister . . . then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path . . . smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes . . . and he would be rich! And *safe!*

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke . . . and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth . . . into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane he was doomed to death by fire . . . in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

GET THE PICTURE? HERE'S A SWEET YOUNG GIRL... LINDA CROSS BY NAME... WHO'S TRYING TO SAVE HER BROTHER PAUL'S HEALTH BY MOVING HIM OFF THE BEATEN TRACK! SHE'S FORCING HIM INTO A VACATION FROM THE BOTTLE AND... BUT LET'S PEEK INTO THEIR ROOM A SHORT TIME LATER!
HE'S GONE! AND IN HIS STATE OF MIND... ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN! IT'S DANGEROUS FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND THE STREETS ALONE...
LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION!
YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT OR
I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SEÑORITA I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF! GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL, AND GET SOME REST!
THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD FOR LINDA CROSS...
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM... EVEN FOR A MINUTE! A STRANGER... AND IN HIS CONDITION! I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER I'LL GO MAD!
HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT MY BROTHER?
HUH? OH, SEÑORITA... ER CROSS! NO WORD YET... WHICH IS GOOD NEWS IN A CASE OF THIS SORT...
MAN FOUND DEAD DOWN AT THE TUNNEL, EL JEFE! STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES! YOU HAD BETTER COME!
2

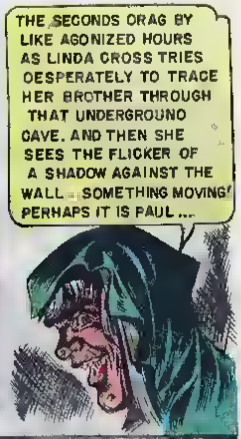
...AN AMENICAN. NO ONE AT THE TUNNEL COULD IDENTIFY HIM! AND HIS BODY... PARTIALLY DEVOURED AS IF BY SOME WILD BEAST!
...UNIDENTIFIED... AMENICAN! PARTIALLY DEVOURED?
YOU HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, SEÑONITA! THIS VICTIM... BUT LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! COME... WE HAVE A CAR WAITING.
THIS TUNNEL... IT IS A NIGHT-CLUB -- A PLACE WHENE MANY AMENICAN TOUNISTS GATHER! THE DEAD MAN COULD BE ANY OF THEM!
TUNNEL... W-WHAT AN ODD NAME... FOR A NIGHT-CLUB!
THE TUNNEL IS ODD IN MORE WAYS THAN ITS CHOICE OF NAME, SEÑORITA! IT APPEALS TO PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE BIZARRE AND WEIRD... BUT YOU WILL SEE FOR YOUNSELF! HERE IS THE OFFICE...
EL JEFE TOLD ONLY HALF THE STONY IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE STNANGE NIGHT-CLUB ITS NAME, FOR INSTANCE, IS OFFICIALLY THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! AND TERRON IS WHAT LINDA FEELS AS SHE STANDS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...
...AND AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT ON, WE FOUND HIM! HIS BODY... AS IF A WILD ANIMAL...
SPARE US YOUN OPINIONS, PLEASE! THE SHROUD... WILL YOU...
I-IT'S... NOT MY BROTHER! THANK HEAVENS! NOT PAUL! HE'S STILL SAFE.
SO FAR AS WE KNOW, SEÑORITA...
3

THIS PLACE... THIS TUNNEL...IT SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF SPOT THAT PAUL WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO..EVEN IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION! COULD I...FOR MY OWN PEACE OF MIND...?
VISIT IT? OF COURSE... IF YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF YOUR BROTHER BEING HERE!
THIS IS THE ENTRANCE, SEÑORITA... SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL, AS YOU WILL FIND THE REST OF THE TUNNEL OF TERROR TO BE!
THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR AND DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS, LINDA CROSS GROPES HER WAY...INTO A PLACE OF COMPLETE DARKNESS! THE AIR IS DANK AND CLAMMY...THE WORD TUNNEL SEEMS APT! UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE HAS DESCENDED INTO ONE OF THE CATACOMBS SURROUNDING THE TOWN...
I CAN'T SEE A THING! IT SEEMS LIKE AN UNEXPLORED CAVE! IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? I'LL SOON.. OOOHH!
WELCOME TO THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!
W-WHAT WHO..?
A TABLE FOR THE SEÑORITA? RIGHT THIS WAY...STEP CAREFULLY, PLEASE!
WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? NO LIGHTS AND THIS EERIENESS..
ALLOW ME, SEÑORITA, TO EXPLAIN! OUR CLUB IS ACTUALLY LOCATED IN ONE OF THE CAVES USED FOR BURIAL LONG CENTURIES AGO. FOR NOVELTY WE STRIVE TO KEEP THE ILLUSION OF DEATH!
BUT ASIDE FROM OUR SUPERFICIAL APPEARANCE, I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND US CONGENIAL! OUR WHISKY IS THE FINEST..
IN THAT CASE PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME! HAS A TALL BLOND MAN BEEN HERE.. SOMEONE WHO LOOKS SICK? AS IF...ER..HE MIGHT HAVE A FEVER?
4

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE YOU SEARCH FOR?
YIIII!
JUST A BIT OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WE PROVIDE, SEÑORITA! NOTHING TO FEAR, I ASSURE...
WHAT'S THAT?
AIEEE
PLEASE DON'T BECOME ALARMED ...THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT HERE...
THIS PLACE... LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A NIGHTMARE! ANOTHER BODY.. I-I HAVE TO SEE ... PERHAPS IT'S PAUL...
A TOURIST...
AMERICAN.
LET ME SEE... PLEASE, LET ME SEE! IT MAY BE MY BROTHER...GET OUT OF MY WAY!
NOT PAUL! BUT...IT'S HORRIBLE! AS THOUGH...IT HAD BEEN EATEN...
AT THAT MOMENT SOMETHING COMPELS LINDA CROSS TO LOOK UP, AND ACROSS THE ROOM SHE SEES SOMETHING WHICH MAKES HER BLOOD GROW COLD...
PAUL! PAUL... IT'S ME!
H-HEY, SEÑORITA! WATCH OUT...
GIVE ME THAT TORCH. IT'S MY BROTHER! HE'S SICK... HE NEEDS ME! QUICK... I MUST FIND HIM!
5

HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS CRAZY PLACE...IT'S FRIGHTENED HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL... GET HIM OUT OF HERE...

A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST... IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I-I MUST FIND PAUL... MUST..


THE SECONDS DRAG BY LIKE AGONIZED HOURS AS LINDA CROSS TRIES DESPERATELY TO TRACE HER BROTHER THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND CAVE. AND THEN SHE SEES THE FLICKER OF A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL... SOMETHING MOVING! PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...

HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME! IN HIS MENTAL STATE HE MUST BE TERRIFIED.. CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! IT'S UP TO ME TO... OOOOOFF!

ANOTHER CORPSE! HORRIBLY MUTILATED! THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!

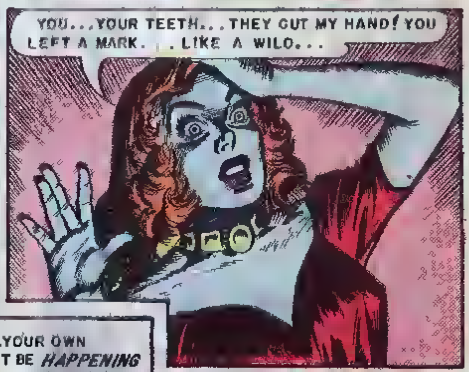
THAT SOUND... WHA...? PAUL! YOU'RE SAFE... SAFE!

IT'S ME... YOUR SISTER LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY ANY LONGER. WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE!
SAFE... WON'T HAVE TO RUN...

...I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE, PAUL! DON'T BE AFRAID!
...AFRAID...

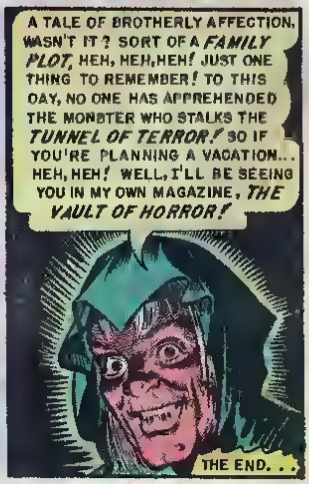
THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE! THE EXCITEMENT HERE HAS CAUSED ANOTHER MENTAL COLLAPSE! HE DOESN'T KNOW ME...

NO...NO! PAUL... I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM! I WANT TO SAVE YOU...HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM WHATEVER IT IS THAT KILLED THOSE OTHERS!
LET GO OF ME, PAUL...


YOU...YOUR TEETH...THEY CUT MY HAND! YOU LEFT A MARK...LIKE A WILD...

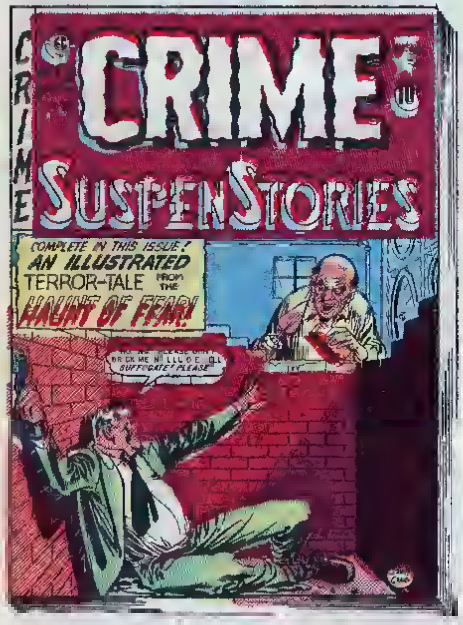
I-IT CAN'T BE YOU MY OWN BROTHER. YOU'RE THE MANIAC WHO HAS MURDERED THE OTHERS! YOU'RE THE MONSTER WHO CRAVES HUMAN FLESH!

N-NO...PLEASE...YOUR OWN SISTER! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING ...IT'S A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE PAUL!


A TALE OF BROTHERLY AFFECTION, WASN'T IT? SORT OF A FAMILY PLOT, HEH, HEH, HEH! JUST ONE THING TO REMEMBER! TO THIS DAY, NO ONE HAS APPREHENDED THE MONSTER WHO STALKS THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! SO IF YOU'RE PLANNING A VACATION... HEH, HEH! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR!
THE END...

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*



AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER *"NEW TREND"* SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

CUNNING

The Camp lay in almost total ruin around him . . . it was hard to believe that this mass of smashed rock and splintered wood had once been considered a model Concentration Camp by the Nazis who built it. Most of the wooden buildings where the prisoners had been held in "protective custody" were now reduced to charred heaps . . . it would have made Herr Kanzler sad to see what this most recent Allied bombing had done to the Camp he once ruled with such ferocity and absolute control. But Herr Kanzler could *not* see the effect of the bombing . . . he would never see again! It was only by a quirk of fate that he was alive, in fact . . . alive and left completely alone in the Camp as the Allied armies swept toward Berlin Days before the Gestapo Detachment had disintegrated and disappeared, and the prisoners had broken free as soon as they learned the Camp was unguarded. Now the place was a scene of weird desolation and ruin, totally uninhabited except for Herr Kanzler, the Camp Commandant. Why did he remain? There were two reasons. it was the place where he had enjoyed complete and unlimited power, and his Prussian mind refused to abandon it. And having been blinded in the last bombing . . . and a man

who was utterly friendless . . . he COULDN'T leave!

Frantically he groped his way over the rubble. The explosions nearby and the quivering of the earth under him made it evident that the bombings had started again. He had to get to safety now . . . or else! The steel Bunker was probably undamaged, and it was his goal and his salvation. Once inside those thick metal walls, he would be safe from the bombs . . . and after the Allies had swept over the area he could surrender and throw himself on their mercy! He would escape yet . . . *cunning* would do it!

His fingers gripped the steel door and inwardly he exulted. He had found the Bunker . even in his blindness he had shown a will-to-live which surpassed that of the prisoners he had destroyed!

A bomb dropped nearby and in desperation he swung the heavy door closed. It clicked loudly and he could barely hear the explosions any longer But another sound had claimed his attention . an almost inaudible sound which filled him with dread. It was a low hiss . . . and its meaning was well-known to Herr Kanzler. GAS was filling the room . . . the click of the door had automatically turned it on! For this was *not* the Bunker . . . he was locked tightly in the ***LETHAL CHAMBER!*** At once the truth flooded his brain . . . he was doomed! Doomed to the same death which he had administered to so many thousands of others!

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

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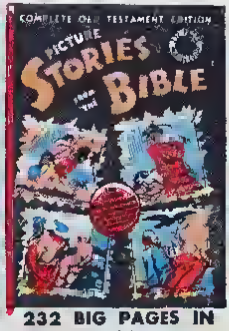

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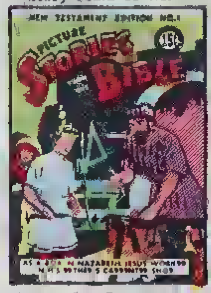

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THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee . . . well BUBBLE my CAULDRON! It's time for another HEATED discussion about THIS . . . my very own magazine, *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* As I'm sure you've noticed by now, those two old COOTS, the CRYPT-KEEPER and the VAULT-KEEPER each have a story in this issue! And therein lies a tale! As you may recall, I cleverly tricked both of those REVOLTING old GHOULS into signing contracts whereby I would appear in each of their magazines. This gave me a decided advantage! I was serene in my glory . . when one dark night, as I was brewing an evil concoction in my CAULDRON, these two nauseating buzzards sneaked up behind me and shoved me *screaming* . . into the seething mess! For a few moments, it was a HOTLY contested battle . . but finally I gave in! Although I was BOILING mad, I SIMMERED down and reluctantly signed TWENTY-year contracts with both of them to appear in *my* MAD-MAG! Now all three of us appear in each of the three magazines . . *THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR,* and *TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR)*! Everything is even . . they THINK! But here's a little secret! I still have the jump on them! The last time I was out panning the town red (with BLOOD, of course!) with our HORROR-HAPPY publisher, I was able . . by resorting to my feminine charms . . to inveigle him into featuring me in another of his magazines . . *CRIME SUSPENSTORIES*. Hee, hee . . that'll fix their COFFIN-CARTS!

Oh . . the publisher requested that I make an announcement! You may have noted that this issue of THE HAUNT OF FEAR is NUMBER 4! The last issue was number 17! This came about because we started numbering my mag with number 15 . . it was a change in title from a previous magazine which ran 14 issues! After publishing issues 15, 16, and 17, the United States Post Office requested that the *fourth* issue actually be numbered No. 4, rather than No 18! Well . . "ya can't fight City Hall!"

Now . . the review of the voting on last issue's stories! *NIGHTMARE*, by Craig, received the most votes to win first place Feldstein's *HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS* . . . which featured my two terror-fied editors . . . came in second. *TELEVISION TERROR* . . . masterpieced by Kurtzman . . . took third place honors. Ghastly Graham Ingels' *MONSTER MAKER* made fourth spot . . . and the text, *REPEAT PERFORMANCE*, limped into last place! Our popular text REPEATED its usual PERFORMANCE!

I have received many letters requesting information on how to subscribe to my magazine! Lazy, huh? Don't like running down to the corner newsstand and finding all the copies sold out, eh? Hee, hee, Well . . O.K.! Here's the dope straight from the opium den! Send 75¢ and your name and address to me,

THE OLD WITCH
Room 706, Dept 4
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this puny amount, you'll get a *full year's supply* . . six repulsive issues . . of *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!*

And now for the BIG SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT! Inspired and flattered by your thousands of letters requesting my picture, I flew downtown to the DUNGEON STUDIOS . . PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS where I had my lovely countenance forever immortalized by the camera! I left the photographer a raving maniac . . his equipment demolished, his studio a shambles, but the negative intact! Want my picture? I warn you, you know how *beautiful* I am! If you think you can stand it, send 10¢ in COIN to me at the above address and you will receive in return an actual PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION! NOT a drawing . . but a *full* 5 by 7 glossy picture autographed by me! Is that a deal! You send a BLOODY mouthful!

And don't forget to write, you fiends! No one will associate with me . . so my only contact with the outside world is through your letters! Vote for your favorite stories! Hee, hee! I'll be seeing you along with the other two GHOULUNATICS in the next issue of THE VAULT OF HORROR! Bye, now!

THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE MEN WHO CREATED LIFE OUT OF DEATH...ONLY TO FIND AT THE END THAT THEIR OWN LIVES HAD TO BE GIVEN IN RETURN! I CALL IT...

THE Living Mummy

JACK DAVIS

MY TALE BEGINS ON A DISMAL STORMY NIGHT AT THE BLEAK LABORATORY-CASTLE OF PROFESSOR ARNOLD ZAMRON, WORLD-FAMOUS SCIENTIST.

I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, KRAUSE! STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL OR I'LL *KILL YOU!*

GLUG LET ME GO

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?

(GASP)...STEVENS IS CRAZY, SIR! HE...HE TRIED TO CHOKE ME

I DID NOT!

QUIET, STEVENS! WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING THIS MUMMY...DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BACK TO LIFE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER! KRAUSE! START THE EXPERIMENT!
AT ONCE, SIR!
THE WHINING HUM OF DYNAMOS BEGIN! STRANGE LIQUIDS BUBBLE UP IN WEIRD CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS THE THREE MEN WORK FOR HOURS! THEN...
IT'S NO USE...THE MUMMY HASN'T MOVED! I'VE FAILED!
PERHAPS IF WE USED MY METHOD OF INCREASING VOLTAGE CAPACITY TO MAXIMUM POTENTIAL..
SHUT UP, STEVENS! DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I PAY YOU FOR ASSISTANCE, NOT FOR CRITICISM! YOU CAN CLEAN UP THIS MESS WHILE KRAUSE AND I RECORD OUR DATA! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING..
BUT STEVENS HAS OTHER IDEAS...
THAT CONCEITED WINDBAG! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TAKING HIS ORDERS...AND ALL THAT TIME MY METHODS, MY FORMULAS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS FAME! THAT KRAUSE IS NO BETTER! WELL, I'LL SHOW BOTH OF THEM! I'LL BRING THE MUMMY BACK TO LIFE!
NOW IF I CAN MODIFY THAT RHEOSTAT TO PRODUCE A FORCE SUITABLE TO CHEMICAL REVIVAL...
STEVENS WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT! BRILLIANT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF CASTING SHADOWS AGAINST THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, THEY STOP! THEN... SILENCE! MINUTES PASS... THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS SURE MY METHOD WAS CORRECT! BUT THE CREATURE JUST LIES THERE DEAD! I'VE... I'VE FAILED LIKE THE REST!
WHAT WENT WRONG? GOT TO THINK! SLEEP...MUST HAVE SLEEP! SO TIRED...
2

BUT BACK IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE LABORATORY, A HORRIBLY SHRIVELED HAND RISES SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...

A FEW MINUTES LATER, KRAUSE... HEARING NOISES, WALKS UNWARILY INTO THE LABORATORY...

WHAT A MESS! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, STEVENS! *WHERE ARE YOU?* YOU THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, EH? WAIT 'TIL THE PROFESSOR HEARS OF *THIS!*

ANSWER ME OR I'LL... NO... *NO! STAY AWAY...*

MEANWHILE, DEAR READER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON SITS AT HIS DESK ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE CASTLE. HE ALSO HAS NOT BEEN ASLEEP...

HMMM...YES! STEVENS WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL! WELL, I'LL JUST... AHEM... USE *HIS* METHOD NEXT TIME! HE NEED NEVER KNOW! HA, HA!

YAAAAH!

WHA-! THAT SCREAM.. IT CAME FROM THE LAB! STEVENS MUST BE FIGHTING WITH KRAUSE AGAIN! BY HEAVENS, THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR!

STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR?

NO..NO! THIS IS HORRIBLE! KRAUSE DEAD.. MY LABORATORY RUINED. AND THE MUMMY GONE!
PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GET A GUN FROM A NEARBY DRAWER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO STEVENS' ROOM...
STEVENS DID THIS! THE MAN IS A MANIAC! I SHOULD HAVE FIRED HIM LONG AGO! IF HE DOESN'T TELL ME WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THE MUMMY, I'LL...
A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE ANGRY SCIENTIST STANDS OVER THE SLEEPING STEVENS..
GET UP! GET UP!
THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP!
WHA.. WHAT'S GOING ON!
YOU KNOW VERY WELL! WHY DID YOU KILL KRAUSE? WHERE IS THAT MUMMY? ANSWER ME!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? KRAUSE KILLED? THE MUMMY GONE? IT CAN'T BE! UNLESS... THE MUMMY WERE ALIVE! THEN MY METHOD MUST HAVE WORKED!
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! WHEN YOU LEFT, I EXPERIMENTED.. TRIED EVERYTHING... THOUGHT I FAILED! I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM, EXHAUSTED... AND I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL THIS TIME!
YOU'RE LYING! YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT MUMMY SOMEPLACE AS AN ALIBI!
BUT STEVENS DOESN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE PROFESSOR! HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM TO THE LAB BELOW...
COME BACK HERE!
I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF.. UGH! I WAS RIGHT! THE MUMMY IS ALIVE AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE!
I'D SHOOT YOU DOWN RIGHT NOW, STEVENS... BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR THE POLICE!
NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL HIM! THE MUMMY DID IT! I... WHA... WHAT WAS THAT?
THUMP! THUMP!

THUMP THUMP THUMP
WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE GIVEN LIFE TO A MONSTER!
BAH! I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING! NOW STAND STILL WHILE I TIE YOUR HANDS!
BUT A DESPERATE IDEA FORMS IN STEVENS' TERRIFIED MIND...
I CAN'T LET HIM HOLD ME HERE IN THE CASTLE! IF THE MUMMY DOESN'T KILL ME, PRISON WILL! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT... OUT!
GOT TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THAT HORRIBLE PLACE!
BUT FATE HAS DESTINED STEVENS FOR A DIFFERENT END! AS THE HYSTERICAL MAN STRUGGLES THROUGH THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR, HE FAILS TO SEE THE SHEER CLIFF YAWNING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...
AEEEEE!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CASTLE, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO THE LIBRARY TO PHONE THE POLICE...
HE CAN'T GET VERY FAR IN THIS STORM! THE POLICE WILL CATCH HIM!
5

OPERATOR... GIVE ME THE POLICE!

UMMM... HOW CONVENIENT FOR BOTH MY ASSISTANTS TO ELIMINATE THEMSELVES THIS WAY! ONE DEAD.. THE OTHER A MURDERER! NOW I'LL GET THE ENTIRE CREDIT FOR THESE EXPERIMENTS!

BUT AS THE PROFESSOR IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS CALL, HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS...

FOOTSTEPS COMING TOWARD THE LIBRARY! SO... THE ROGUE HAS DECIDED TO COME BACK, EH? I KNEW HE COULDN'T GO VERY FAR!

HE'S TRYING TO WALK SOFTLY, TO CATCH ME OFF-GUARD! WELL, LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES *THIS* SURPRISE!

PROFESSOR ZAMRON PULLS THE DOOR OPEN, AND...

THE MUMMY! STEVENS WAS TELLING THE TRUTH! HE..

SHRIEKING WITH TERROR, THE PROFESSOR BACKS AWAY... PUMPING BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE CREATURE...

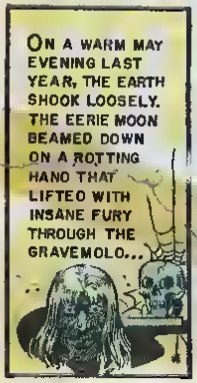
HE'S NOT DYING! HE'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER...

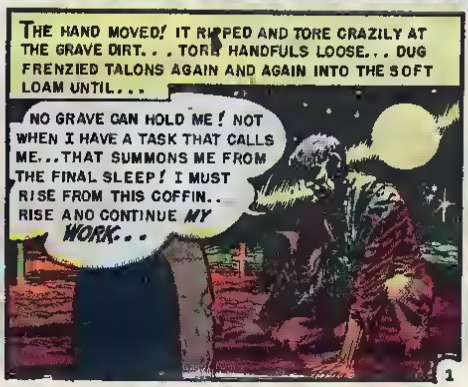
NO... NO! STAY AWAY... *DON'T TOUCH ME! Y-A-A-A-A-H-H!*

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR READER! PROFESSOR ZAMRON WAS FINALLY CONVINCED THAT STEVENS' METHOD WAS CORRECT! THE *MUMMY* PROVED IT TO HIM! WHAT *HAPPENED* TO THE *MUMMY*? THE POLICE *NEVER FOUND HIM!* HE'S PROBABLY ROAMING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE *RIGHT NOW!* HEE, HEE! HE MIGHT EVEN BE PEEKING IN *YOUR* WINDOW... THE ONE *BEHIND* YOU! *DON'T LOOK!* YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO *STAND* IT!

THE END

THE CRYPT OF TERROR





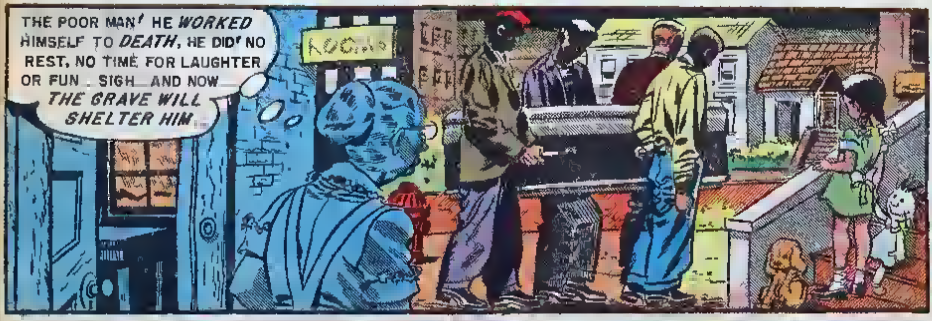
WITH THUMPING, SODDEN STEPS, THE DEAD MAN WALKED THE GRAVEYARD PATHS--
NOTHING MUST STOP ME! NOTHING! MY WORK...IT CALLS ME BACK FROM THE GRAVE! I MUST FINISH MY WORK... FINISH IT!
EEEYAAA!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I... I FEEL SICK!
HEE, HEE! A PRETTY SIGHT ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, EH? A DEAD MAN LUMBERING ALONG THE SIDEWALKS! SMELLING OF THE GRAVE! BUT... WHERE IS HE GOING? WHAT STRANGE WORK CALLS HIM FROM THE GRAVE? CURIOUS? HEE, HEE! LET'S TURN OVER THE MUSTY PAGES OF THE PAST... AND GO BACK SOME YEARS, TO A COLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN AN EASTERN CITY.
JON WAYLAND WAS ALIVE, THEN! YOUNG, AND HANDSOME. BUT POOR..
SOME PAINTER, I AM! I CAN'T SELL A THING! I CAN'T EVEN EARN ENOUGH TO BUY MYSELF A LOAF OF BREAD AND A BOTTLE OF MILK!
THE ONLY ENCOURAGING NEWS HE EVER GOT WAS FROM A MAGAZINE EDITOR...
I KNOW YOU PAINT MYSTERIOUS AND HORRIBLE THINGS, WAYLAND! A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T GO FOR IT, BUT I LIKE MACABRE THINGS! BUT... I CAN'T USE IT! SORRY!
CUBE
FINALLY, JON WAYLAND WAS FORCED TO PAWN HIS PAINTINGS IN ORDER TO EAT...
IT'S CHARITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THESE THINGS AREN'T WORTH ANYTHING, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL. I MIGHT SELL 'EM... SOMETIME!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU!
ONE MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER JON HAD PAWNED EVERYTHING HE OWNED, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...
SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR JON WAYLAND!
SPECIAL DELIVERY? FOR ME? BUT, BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY WHO WOULD WRITE TO ME!
RAP! RAP!

IT'S FROM THAT EDITOR... WHO LIKED MY STUFF! HE'S GETTING OUT A NEW HORROR MAGAZINE... WANTS ME TO DO ITS COVERS FOR HIM! I'LL GET A CONTRACT... MONEY! AT LAST!
SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A CONTRACT... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING IN YOUR SAMPLES AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM TO THE BIG BOSS!
BUT I... MY PICTURES... I HAD TO PAWN THEM...
JUST MY LUCK! THE FIRST BREAK I GET, I LOSE OUT ON! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY PICTURES BACK... OR PAINT SOME MORE... MAYBE I'D STILL GET THE CONTRACT!
GIVE YOU YOUR PICTURES? WITHOUT MONEY? HA! HA! HA! I MAY BE OLD, SON, BUT I'M NOT CRAZY! HA! HA!
PLEASE! PLEASE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME! MY BIG CHANCE! IF I DON'T SHOW THAT EDITOR SOME SAMPLES, I'LL LOSE IT!
ONLY ONE HOPE LEFT! I'VE GOT TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND, BILLY JOHNSON! HE ALWAYS HELPED ME IN THE PAST. HE'LL HELP ME ONE MORE TIME! I KNOW HE WILL!
BILL JOHNSON GREETED HIS FRIEND WITH HARSH WORDS AND COLD SNEERS...
HELP YOU... AGAIN? AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE LOANED YOU MONEY IN THE PAST? YOU'RE JUST A CHEAP BUM, WAYLAND! NOBODY'D GIVE YOU A JOB! WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO KID?
I'M NOT LYING! IT'S TRUE! TRUE!
NOW GET OUT... AND STAY OUT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU'RE A CHEAP, SPINELESS BUM! A NO-GOOD! A WORTHLESS SLUG!
I'LL NEVER GET THAT JOB NOW! I'M REALLY WASHED UP!
3

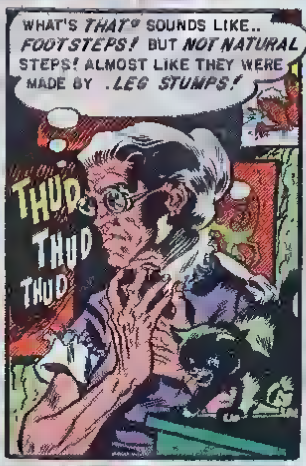
SUDDENLY THE ARMS OF JOH WAYLAND'S RESTRAINT BURST LIKE A DEMONIAC THING, HE HURLED HIMSELF ON HIS OLD FRIEND!
JON, WATCH OUT!
YOU COULD LOAN ME MONEY TO REDEEM MY PICTURES! YOU HAVE PLENTY OF IT! YOU'D NEVER MISS A MEASLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS! BUT NO...NO NO!
I NEED THAT COVER JOB, YOU HEAR? I NEED IT TO EAT, TO LIVE!
I KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO REDEEM MY OLD PICTURES! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES...TO PAINT NEW AND BETTER ONES!
JON WAYLAND DRAGGED HIS OLD FRIEND CLOSE TO A BIG VAT OF ETCHING ACID. THEN, LIFTING HIS HEAD, HE PLUNGED IT DOWN TOWARD THE ACID... JUST AS JOHNSON RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...
JOH! STOP! NO...NO... DON'T DO THIS TO ME! JON! AAAAGGGNN!
I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT...AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL, JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE ALIVE, NOW!
JON! JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU...STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT...BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM.. AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM...NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING...DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...
JON WAYLAND MADE A MISTAKE! BILL JOHNSON WASN'T DEAD... NOT QUITE! HE WAS ALMOST DEAD... BUT THERE WAS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT... SO LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR READER... IF YOU DARE!

CURSING ME? WHAT A LAUGH! AS IF A DEAD MAN'S CURSE COULD EVER AFFECT A LIVING PERSON! USE YOUR PAINTS? YOU BET YOUR LIFE I'LL USE 'EM! BET YOUR LIFE..? A JOKE! HA! HA!
FEVERISHLY, JON WAYLAND THREW HIMSELF INTO A FRENZY OF PAINTING, ANXIOUS TO MAKE UP FOR TIME, HE THREW PAINT ON CANVAS WITH SURE, DEXTEROUS SPEED..
WAIT'LL THE EDITOR SEES THIS PICTURE!
ALL THAT DAY AND ALL THAT NIGHT, JON WAYLAND WORKED! COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION, HIS EYELIDS HEAVY WITH THE NEED OF REST, HE WORKED ON...
HE WANTS SAMPLES, DOES HE? I'LL GIVE HIM SAMPLES... TEN OF THEM! EACH ONE BETTER... MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE REST!
NEXT DAY...
THEY'RE TERRIFIC, WAYLAND! TERRIFIC! YOU'VE CAUGHT THE MOOD EXACTLY! TERROR! HORROR! THE BIG BOSS LIKES 'EM SO YOU'RE IN!
I'M GIVING YOU A LOT OF MONEY FOR EACH COVER! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE, IF OUR BOOK CLICKS! AND IT SURE OUGHT TO...WITH THESE COVERS OF YOURS!
RICH! I'LL GET RICH AT THESE PRICES!
JON WAYLAND WENT TO WORK WITH A WILL. HE NEVER RESTED. ALWAYS, AT ANY HOUR OF THE NIGHT, HIS LIGHTS WERE ON AS HE PAINTED AND PAINTED, MADLY, WILDLY...
I OUGHT TO REST, BUT...I DON'T WANT TO REST! I'M IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, AND I WILL!
HEE, HEE! JON WAYLAND WAS IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, WASN'T HE? ALL WELL AND GOOD... FOR A LITTLE TIME! BUT READ ON, MY FRIENDS... READ ON! REMEMBER THE DYING MAN'S CURSE? HEE, HEE! OF COURSE YOU DO... AND SO WILL JON WAYLAND, AFTER A WHILE! HEE, HEE!

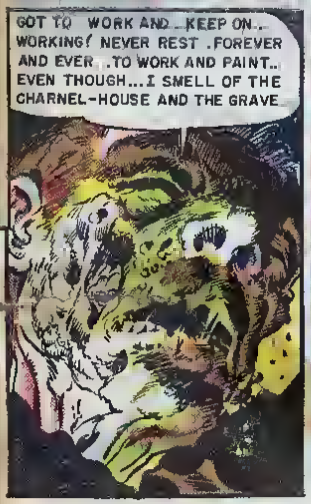
I BROUGHT IN SOME MORE COVER JOBS, JIM. LOOK THEM OVER!
SURE THING, JON. THE MAGAZINE IS SELLING LIKE HOT-CAKES, SO I CAN USE SOME. BUT DON'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD.
BUT JON WAYLAND COULD NOT STOP PAINTING! THE GLISTENING PAINTS OF THE MURDERED ARTIST BECKONED HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MAGNET.
I CAN'T STOP! I MUST GO ON PAINTING! EVEN IF HE DOESN'T NEED COVERS.
I'VE WORKED FOR THIRTY-THREE HOURS. STEADILY NOT STOPPING EVEN FOR A DRINK...OF WATER! I CAN'T GO ON... BUT I MUST. FOR I CAN'T STOP.
USE MY PAINTS AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM NEVER RESTING. ALWAYS WORKING FOR-EVER AND EVER!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! NO NO NO!
JON WAYLAND PAINTED, ALL RIGHT! HE KEPT ON, NIGHT AND DAY! BUT THE MARKET FOR HIS PAINTINGS WAS GONE!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, JON! I'VE BOUGHT A YEAR AHEAD ON YOUR STUFF! I CAN'T POSSIBLY USE ANY MORE! GO TAKE A VACATION! YOU'RE OVER-WORKING!
MONTH AFTER MONTH, DAY AND NIGHT, JON WAYLAND LABORED IN HIS LITTLE GARRET STUDIO, HE DEVELOPED A HACKING COUGH. HIS BODY GREW THIN, WRAITHLIKE. HIS FINGERS, EXHAUSTED WITH BRUSHWORK, TREMBLED AND SHOOK..
ONE DAY HE FELL TO THE FLOOR, AND DID NOT GET UP.
HE'S... DEAD!


THE POOR MAN! HE WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE DID! NO REST, NO TIME FOR LAUGHTER OR FUN.. SIGH.. AND NOW— THE GRAVE WILL SHELTER HIM..

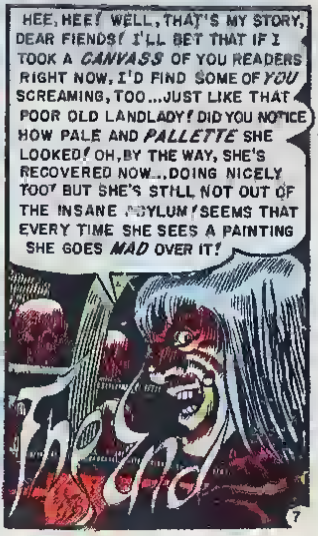
HE MUST HAVE MADE A LOT OF MONEY, WITH ALL THAT WORK HE DID! LORD KNOWS, HE NEVER SPENT ANY OF IT! I WONDER WHERE HE KEPT IT? 'TWON'T DO NO HARM IF I LOOK AROUND


WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE.. FOOTSTEPS! BUT NOT NATURAL STEPS! ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE MADE BY .LEG STUMPS!
THUD THUD THUD

I COULD NOT STAY AWAY.. FROM MY WORK! AHH..THERE ARE MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES...STILL AS GOOD AS EVER—


GOT TO WORK AND..KEEP ON.. WORKING! NEVER REST .FOREVER AND EVER..TO WORK AND PAINT.. EVEN THOUGH...I SMELL OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE AND THE GRAVE

AAAGHHHH! AIEEGHHH!
EE


HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FIENDS! I'LL BET THAT IF I TOOK A CANVASS OF YOU READERS RIGHT NOW, I'D FIND SOME OF YOU SCREAMING, TOO...JUST LIKE THAT POOR OLD LANDLADY! DID YOU NOTICE HOW PALE AND PALLETTE SHE LOOKED! OH, BY THE WAY, SHE'S RECOVERED NOW...DOING NICELY TOO! BUT SHE'S STILL NOT OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM! SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME SHE SEES A PAINTING SHE GOES MAD OVER IT!
The End

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☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

☐ To save postage I enclose $1.98. Same money back guarantee.

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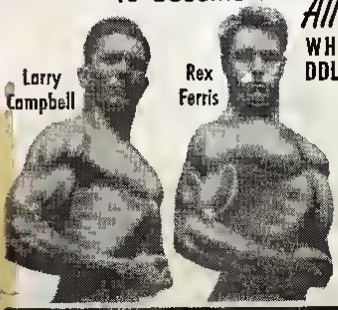
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied with my **FILLUM FUN** Theatre, I may return in 5 days for full cash refund.

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home?



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

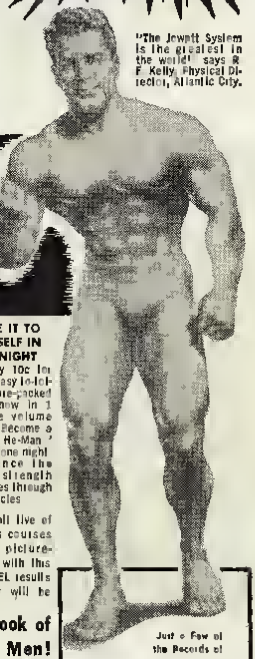
Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING get acquainted offer! . . . Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c** Instead of $1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A *WINNER* AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH *PROGRESSIVE POWER*

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume. How To Become a Muscular He-Man! Try it in one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles!

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY —WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15 to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes I'll jam you with power and self confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c—If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book "Nerves of Steel Muscles of Iron" has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of muscle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

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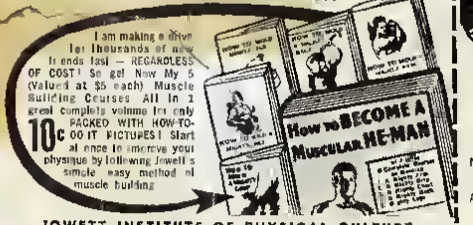
George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"—● World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 ● World's weight lifting champion at 19 ● Acclaimed to have the strongest arms in the world ● Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body ● plus many other world records!

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...



I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast — REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at $5 each) Muscle Building Courses All In 1 great complete volume for only **10c** PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple easy method of muscle building

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